

A JUVENILE HORDE.

NEW YORK YOUNGSTERS SEE A
THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE.

Six Thousand Street Urchins Swarm Into a Metropolitan Playhouse and Make Away with Everything Portable Within Reach—A Pandemonium.

Fully 6,000 shouting, screaming, chattering, cheering youngsters attended the performance of "The Scout" given for poor children at Niblo's, and outside the Indians as regards noise and drowned the reports of the pistols with their enthusiastic yells.

Such an audience has never before been inside the walls of a playhouse. There were boys there with dirty faces, and boys whose natural color did not give one an opportunity to see if they were dirty or not. Little girls were there, too, some white and a few black, and they took as much delight in the performance and made as much noise as the boys.

The doors of the theater were besieged as early as 7:30 o'clock, and by 8:30 there was a tremendous jam about the Broadway and Crosby street entrances. Once the doors were opened there was no use trying to collect tickets. The boys simply swept everything before them. In an incredibly short time every seat contained at least two occupants, and every available place from which the stage could be seen was occupied.

The boys hung on the posts like monkeys, occupied the stairs, stood on the radiators, and if it wasn't for the ten big policemen who were there to preserve order there is no knowing what they would have done. The youngsters talked to each other from all parts of the house.

"Hay, Yaller!" shouted one urchin across the gallery. "Did you see me brudder?" "Naw," came the answer. "Hully Mo!" shouted back the first speaker, "me mudder will slaughter me." "Hi, Red," shouted another youngster, "where's Mike?" "Oh, he's down in the parky eating oats," came the answer.

It was 10 o'clock when Congressman Timothy J. Campbell came before the curtain and addressed the boys. At least he tried to tell the boys to be good citizens, but they heard him not, and he concluded in pantomime.

One little girl wearing a big red hat occupied a chair all by herself in the orchestra. "Take off your hat, Mag!" shouted the little one behind her, but she paid no attention, and in an instant that hat was sailing down the aisle.

When she got it back it was in ribbons, and to quiet her cries a policeman lifted her into a box, where she spent most of her time sticking her tongue out at the other girls.

How the boys cheered when the curtain went up! They applauded Dr. Carver like mad, and when he threw the villain in the big tank they yelled furiously. The comic Irishman and the Agky pleased them immensely, and they laughed at Dr. Carver's aim when he broke all the bottles in the saloon with rifle balls.

The actors soon discovered that it was useless to talk, as they couldn't be heard, and they went on a great part of the time in pantomime. No villain was ever more heartily disliked than Cherokee Jake, played by Mr. Sommerfeld. One boy in the gallery threw a half eaten apple at him, and an Indian picked it up and finished it. In the fourth act cries came from all parts of the house to throw Jake into the river. There was tumultuous applause when the horse fell through the bridge, and there was more when the play was over. It took just seven minutes for the house to empty, and it seemed a miracle that no one was hurt. Had one boy stumbled while coming down the gallery staircase the result would have been appalling.

After the house was emptied Manager Comstock went in and viewed the wreck. Every other row had a broken seat, and in one place an entire row was demolished. The urchins broke open the opera glass machines and carted off the glasses, and in some cases took the machines and all.

"Well," said Mr. Comstock, "they had a good time, and I don't care as long as they left the four walls and didn't get hurt."—New York Herald.

Disease of the Hat.

A London correspondent complains that he cannot take his walks abroad with his head uncovered without being exposed to gibes and snouts and sneers and treated as a lunatic. "And yet," he asks, "who but the latter would suffer by the almost complete disease of the hat? The advantages would be many. We should entirely avoid baldness (which our hats induce); our heads would be as cool as our faces (which we never think of covering, though they are less protected with hair than our heads); we should save our money and a great deal of trouble. In this climate we need not be afraid of sunstrokes, and we should avoid colds in the head. It is a mistake to suppose that either chimney pot hats or bowlers shade the eyes. They do not do so any more than women's bonnets."

Somewhere says that "snoring is the spontaneous escape of those malignant feelings which the sleeper has no time to vent when awake."

The game of football played in American colleges and schools is not nearly so harmful and dangerous as that which is played in England.

Among the recent inventions in electric heating devices are hand stearps, curling irons, coffee urns and branding irons.

The South Sea Islanders are claimed to make an intoxicating drink from corn and decayed fish.

Absence of Real Children in Literature.

The wise mentors in conventional literature virtually tell you that child literature wants no real children in it; that the real child's example of defective grammar and lack of elegant deportment would furnish to its little patrician patrons suggestions very hurtful indeed to their higher morals, tendencies and ambitions. Then, although the general public couldn't for the life of it see why or how, and might even be reminded that it was just such a rowdying child itself, and that its father—the father of his country—was just such a child, that Abraham Lincoln was just such a lovable, lawless child, all—all of this argument would avail not in the least, since the elegantly minded purveyors of child literature cannot possibly tolerate the presence of any but the refined children—the very proper children—the studiously thoughtful, poetical children—and these must be kept as far from the contaminating touch of our rough and tumble little fellows in "hobden gray," with frowzy heads, begrimed but laughing faces, and such awful, awful vulgarities of naturalness, and crimes of simplicity, and brazen faith and trust, and love of life and everybody in it.—James W. Riley in Forum.

Two Kinds of Pears.

It is remarkable that although new fruits come to the front every year there is not a pear yet that has been able to take the place of the Bartlett or the Seckel. The Bartlett is a European sort, originating in England and named there William's Bon Curetten. It was introduced into this country, and its name getting lost it was named Bartlett, after the man in whose garden it was when its excellent qualities were discovered. The Seckel is a native, a chance seedling found growing near the Schuylkill river, Philadelphia, and the original tree still stands and bears fruit.

The Bartlett is in season throughout September, the Seckel from the close of September and through October. These two kinds are no exception to the rule that the quality of all pears increases in value as the trees get older. The fruit from a full grown Seckel pear tree, for instance, is far superior to that from a tree fruiting for the first time.—Practical Farmer.

A Small Legal Fee.

The smallest fee ever taken by an English counsel was sixpence, that fee having on one occasion been taken by the late Sir John Holker. Barristers' fees were in olden times much less than those now paid. An entry occurs in the church wardens' accounts of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for 1476, showing that a fee of three shillings and eightpence, with fourpence for his dinner, was paid to Robert Polpo, counsel, learned in the law, for his advice. In Nares' "Glossary," a barrister's fee was stated to be an angel, or ten shillings. These are somewhat different figures to the 600 guineas paid to Sir Charles Russell three or four years ago at the Leeds assizes for less than three hours' work, or at the rate of over three guineas a minute.—London Tit-Bits.

Remarkable Unanimity.

The remarkable unanimity that is so pleasant to observe between man and wife is nicely illustrated by the following two letters of the same date:

COUNTRY, AUG. 20.
DEAR JOHN—I am going to stay another week. Am having a splendid time. Affectionately,
JULIA.

CITY, AUG. 20.
DEAR JULIA—You can stay another week. Am having a splendid time. Affectionately,
JOHN.

For some reason or other she concludes to pack up and start for home immediately to see about his "splendid time."—Exchange.

Best Flowers for a Sickroom.

The best flowers for a sickroom are growing flowers, but cut flowers are more often obtainable. As to these latter they should first of all be fresh. They quickly decay, and then they communicate to the water in which they are placed vegetable juices which undergo putrefactive fermentation and render the air impure. Bright colored flowers are desirable.—Boston Globe.

Some one has noted the fact that July has been a fatal month to presidents. Jefferson, Monroe, Taylor, Van Buren, Johnson and Grant died in that month, and Garfield was shot in that month.

Robinson Crusoe's island, Juan Fernandez, is inhabited by about sixty persons, who attend to the herds of cattle that graze there.

Get His Fifty Dollars.

I was traveling in Kansas in the early part of the seventies and was at Topeka a night or two after the big Chicago fire. Among the boys at the hotel was a fellow who had lived in the district on the North Side that had been completely swept away by the flames. He was waiting for money to get home when he got the news and was so excited that he could not eat or sleep. The money hadn't come, and he was worked up to the highest pitch. I had just got a remittance from my house, and while I was counting it he came up and told me his "tale of woe." I had never seen the man before, but I let him have fifty dollars, which was half I had.

Time passed, and as I never heard from him I concluded my money was gone, and after a time I forgot it and also the man's name. When in Minneapolis about three years ago some one came to me in the hotel and asked if my name was Wetmore. Said he, "I owe you fifty dollars," and recalled the Topeka incident. It might have been the same man and it might not, for all I remember, but I took the fifty dollar, just the same.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Didn't Like the Weapons.

"I came very near having a duel once," said the congressman to a group of auditors.

"Tell us about it," said they as one man.

"When I was about thirty," he continued, "I hung out my shingle in a small town in a southern state, and being from the north I did not receive at first the agreeable recognition I expected. In fact there was one blatherkite of a fellow who made himself so obnoxious that one day I slapped his jaws. This brought all the respectable people of the community over to my side, and I was feeling pretty good for three or four days, when the bottom was knocked out of it all by my receiving a challenge from Mr. Blatherkite. If there was anything more than another that I didn't want to do it was to fight a duel, and I tried to get out of it some way, but couldn't, and finally accepted his challenge and chose doubled barreled shot-guns at ten paces. I didn't hear anything from my man for twenty-four hours, and then I had a personal call from him.

"I have come in," he said after a few preliminary remarks, "to make a statement about this duel. What I've got to say is that shot-guns are too dogged mortuary for me, and if you have no objections I'll apologize and call it square."

"Then I became very brave and blustered some, but I accepted the situation very gracefully at last, and ever after Mr. Blatherkite was most respectful, and stood about as well in the town as he ever did."—Detroit Free Press.

Why Milk Differs in Quality.

Milk is more susceptible to changes from the normal condition than any other food product. The first class of changes has been brought about by the action of breeders. By many years of attention to breeding for fat production, it is now possible to get milk which may be twice as rich as the normal. On the other hand, other breeders have paid especial attention to production of large quantity, even at the expense of quality, until pure milk is sometimes produced having as low as 10 per cent. of solids, when the normal is 13 per cent.

A second set of causes which influence the quality of milk grows out of the ignorance or carelessness of the producer or seller. Where the persons held the exploded idea of the value of one cow's milk for children anything in the treatment of the cow which affects its nervous temperament may unfit it for food for very young children. Uncleanliness or neglect is often a grave source of trouble in the handling of milk, not only on account of the possibilities of the addition of visible filth, but because milk is peculiarly susceptible to odor, various kinds of bacteria and disease germs. Epidemics of scarlet fever and typhoid fever have been traceable to the milk supply, unclean cans and other utensils, and particularly to propagating bacteria.—Boston Transcript.

The Vanishing Couple.

A fashion safe to stamp a young girl in general society as but ill equipped with knowledge of good form is that of "vanishing" in company with her attendant after a dance and remaining in unfrequented corners until remark is thereby created. Such is the young woman whose caparison is in continual speculation as to her whereabouts or else in active exercise to find her. She is no doubt often innocent of intention to offend, but at large and mixed entertainments the better part of wisdom in a woman is to keep in view of her fellows. A witty Frenchwoman, Mme. de Girardin, once wrote: "Amuse yourselves, O young beauties, but flutter your wings in the broad light of day. Avoid shadows in which suspicion hides." The "vanishing woman" act should be limited in performance to a platform in full view of the audience. The prompt return of a young woman to the side or vicinity of her chaperon after dancing is not only a graceful and well bred action, but affords an opportunity to the man, who too often is embarrassed in this respect, to withdraw and fulfill some other engagement.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Monday and Friday.

Those of us who like Friday for various reasons, but chiefly because it leads up to Saturday, upon which day schools are closed, will be pleased to hear that it is not half so unlucky a day as Monday, the day school opens again. A German statistician, feeling that Friday had been a much maligned day, determined to make a scientific investigation of the matter, and found that it is not Friday but Monday that is the most unfortunate of the week days.

According to his investigations 18.74 per cent. of all accidents occur on Monday, 15.51 per cent. on Tuesday, 16.91 per cent. on Wednesday, 15.47 per cent. on Thursday, 16.38 per cent. on Friday, 16.38 per cent. on Saturday and only 2.69 per cent. on Sunday. So you see Friday isn't so bad a day after all.—Harper's Young People.

When John Was in Doubt.

John was a coachman who took life most seriously, and being very particular would return frequently in the course of the day to make sure that he understood the orders that had been given him in the morning. One afternoon he presented himself before his mistress and began:

"Mrs. T.—, Oh, I'm not quite certain as to Mr. T.—'s order this mornin'. Oi was droivin him to the thrain, an he told me to do somethin to him, mum; but sure Oi don't know whether he told me to shoe him or to shoot him. Mebbe ye can tell me."

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